Revelations

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Revelations

by StratsWrote

Summary

The lungs were completely ruined. Hannibal dumped them into a waste bucket rather than have to look at them any longer. The heart might have been salvageable, but not in its entirety. Hannibal would have to get creative…

"Are you finished yet?"

The tone was so even, so bored. Still, it was a voice where there had been none, and Hannibal's hand jerked, scalpel tearing through flesh in a crooked curve.

Will.

Hannibal had grand plans for the weekend.

He always seemed to have grand plans when it came to Will's visits. He couldn't help himself. There was always an urge to preen, to put on a bit of a show. Will never appreciated it the way some of Hannibal's colleagues did, and therein lay the appeal. He couldn't tell the difference, when Hannibal offered him a particularly expensive vintage of wine as opposed to his normal cheap whiskey. One soprano at the opera was the same as any other, to him.

Hannibal could offer Will all the riches of the world, or he could offer him mass-produced supermarket trash, and Will's slightly-baffled-pleased-despite-himself 'thanks' would be the same either way. It pleased Hannibal to be able to spoil Will without Will's sense of propriety urging him to decline.

Tomorrow night, Hannibal planned to serve perfectly seared loin, which Will would taste as pork.

Instead, of course, it was a particularly insistent door-to-door salesman, but Will would never know the difference. People with far more refined palates than his had been fooled by Hannibal's presentation before.

Hannibal liked to draw things out, to have his victims bear witness to his artistry. His art was meant to be seen in motion, after all. The displays Hannibal left behind were only remnants, polaroids that failed to capture the vivacity of Hannibal's craft.

But meat tasted best when it didn't have time to feel frightened, and Will deserved the best.

Hannibal had killed the man before bringing him home to the basement, a quick snap of the neck. He'd hung him from the ceiling overnight, to bleed out into the drain. Now, it was time to decide which cuts to keep, beyond the loin he'd already planned for, and which to display.

Hannibal didn't display all of his kills, but anything he made for Will deserved his utmost attention.

He laid the body out on the examination table, opening up the chest cavity to investigate the organs. He'd been hoping for heart, because Hannibal was nothing if not a romantic, but heart was a tricky thing in victims over 45, at least when you were as particular as Hannibal was. That was when issues with cholesterol began to rise, and this gentleman had been a smoker.

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Will.

Will stood halfway down the steps, arms folded, deep bags under his eyes betraying his exhaustion. He should not have been awake. He should not have been *here*.

Standing there, in his plastic suit, stained scalpel still in his hands, Hannibal had never felt so wrong-footed.

“You’re a day early,” he said, his mouth dry.

“You gave me a key,” Will pointed out.

“You’ve never used it without calling ahead.”

Will shrugged. “Had a nightmare. Got bored. Wanted to be here.”

A flutter of warmth and fondness attempted to build itself in Hannibal’s chest, and was stomped out by the heavy unease that filled him. He looked from Will to the body.

There was a brief, ridiculous urge to insist that this was not what it looked like. Only years of dedicated practice towards building his self-control kept Hannibal from saying something so patently unintelligent.

He couldn’t kill Will. He knew that intimately, knew it to his core. It would break something in him, something which had only recently been sealed back together with gold along the cracks.

But if Will fled, if he made it up those stairs before Hannibal could catch him…

“Honestly, I’m glad you weren’t paying attention when you came down here tonight,” Will continued. “I was beginning to think I’d have to stage a discovery.”

Hannibal paused in the first of what was meant to be several lunging steps to the stairs. His grip on his scalpel tightened.

“I mean, you really *should* shut the trap door *completely*, but I can see why you were so confident. And it was more convenient for me. Keeping up the charade was becoming *exhausting*.

“You knew,” Hannibal said, still awkwardly braced to move forward. He could barely keep up with Will; it was so far beyond his wildest expectations.

Will grinned, wide and open. “Hannibal. I’m the best profiler the FBI has seen in decades. Of *course* I knew.”

Hannibal gaped at him. He grappled for words and found none; they all fled the second he latched on to them. “You—”

“Me,” Will said, his smile ticking upwards. “I’m going to have to surprise you more often. That look on your face is *priceless*.” He stood, stretching, long and lean and so *beautiful* that

Hannibal was at a loss. “Hurry up,” Will said, turning to head back up the stairs. “I’m hungry.”

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